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CHARLES SUMNER

AN ADDRESS

BY

HENRY G. SPAULDING

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(Person)
OCT 25

To my Wife

JANE LANGWORTHY SPAULDING

To thee, dear comfort of my later years,
I dedicate this speech. Too deep for tears
These thoughts and memories of my pensive age;
And yet, between the lines, on every page,
I see thy cheerful smile or gladdening eye;
Or else the look that said, Let this go by.
The work thus done seems mine; but, none the less,
'Tis partly thine, for thou did'st check excess,—
And, unto all I said of Sumner's truth,
Thou gavest, precious gift, the dew of youth.

PREFACE.

The *raison d'être* of this Address is given in its opening paragraph, where it is said that "great men need not that we praise them: the need is ours, that we know them." In this, his centennial year, Charles Sumner is too little known. The virtues which in his lifetime created hostility are hidden, not in the "excess of light" which attended his death, when his greatness of soul was almost universally acknowledged, but in the darkness which has come from misunderstanding or misinformation. Unfounded traditions and idle anecdotes have obscured his white-souled integrity and have dimmed the "sweetness and light" which were so harmoniously blended in his character.

Those who were privileged to be much in his presence knew well that his moral earnestness and his passion for justice were united with a most highly cultured and genial personality. He was an impersonation not only of Conscience, but also of those human traits which make men loved by those who enjoy their friendship.

While I do not claim that this Address is the final word about the great Massachusetts senator, I can honestly say that I have taken pains to speak on all points by the book and to present the man, Charles Sumner, "in his habit as he lived." Part of the Address was read, on January 8, 1911, to the congregation of the Third Religious Society of Dorchester, Mass. It has also been given to the Newton Tuesday Club. Somewhat condensed, it was delivered in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on May 30, 1911, before the Memorial Society of Harvard University.

HENRY G. SPAULDING.

1470 Beacon Street,
Brookline, Mass., August, 1911.

ADDRESS.

I am to speak at this time on the character and career of Charles Sumner, to the end that we may be moved to imitate "his stainless integrity, his supreme devotion to humanity, his profound faith in truth, and his unconquerable moral enthusiasm." "Great men," it has well been said, "need not that we praise them: the need is ours, that we know them. Whether we stand where they stood or have travelled far on ways they dreamed not of, we are the richer that they lived."

Of our illustrious Massachusetts senator—the senator with a conscience, as Theodore Parker called him—Governor N. P. Banks once said, "He was the foremost man of his time"; while the Methodist Bishop Haven named him "the very chiefest of our statesmen." To-day these eulogies may strike many persons as highly colored exaggerations; yet no one can deny that by the verdict of history Charles Sumner is rightly regarded as one of our country's greatest men. He was great as an orator and as a statesman; greater still as a leader in one of the most momentous moral conflicts that the world has yet seen,—the conflict between slavery and freedom in America; greatest of all as a godly man, of whom Ralph Waldo Emerson could say, "I never knew so white a soul." It was my high privilege to have known Mr. Sumner in the early years of our Civil War. He had throughout my college life been my ideal of the uncorrupt statesman; and, in a nearer view which a personal friendship gave me, the shining moral qualities of his character lost nothing of their brightness. He was then his country's and freedom's wise leader; the Senate's chief; the bosom friend and counsellor of Abraham Lincoln, who to the end loved and trusted him and looked to him as a confidential adviser. When he died in March, 1874, I gave from the pulpit of the church in Dorchester, of which I was then the pastor, the first funeral discourse on the life and labors of "the white-souled statesman"

which was delivered in any church in the land. My sainted predecessor in the same church, the Rev. Thomas J. Mumford, said of Sumner soon after in an editorial in the *Christian Register*, "It was not our great senator's mental superiority which gave him a strong hold upon the hearts of the people: it was his moral greatness, his fidelity to principle, his courage in expressing his real convictions, his transparent candor, his unsuspected integrity." We shall do well at this time to think on these things.

Charles Sumner was born in Boston on January 6, 1811. In his boyhood's home he had the inestimable treasure of a good mother, a woman of strong and heroic traits of character. Her pastor, the Rev. H. W. Foote, of King's Chapel, once said: "The son only outlived his mother eight years; but from boyhood to age his devotion cheered her and his unselfish love was her strong support. Her comfort was his ruling aim in that home life which for fifty-five years he shared with her; and, when the end came, it was he who stood beside her and gently guided her as she went serenely into the Silent Land." In that Boston home of honorable poverty Sumner's father planned for the boy Charles a good common-school education, to fit him for a life of self-help and self-support. Imagine the surprise of that father, himself a scholar and a graduate of Harvard, when his son came to him one day with some elementary Latin books which he had bought with pennies of his own earnings, and asked him to hear his recitation. It became at once the hope and purpose of Sumner's family to give this boy the preparation at least for a college course.

That in 1826 Charles could enter Harvard College, after a careful training in the already famous Latin School of Boston, was due to a change in his father's circumstances. Just at this critical time in his brilliant son's career the elder Sumner was appointed sheriff of Suffolk, with a salary large enough to enable him to send his boy to Cambridge. But for this the future orator, statesman, and anti-slavery leader would have gone to a military academy or to West Point. Few of us can doubt that the course at Harvard was not only the proper preparation, but was also the predestined equipment, for Sumner's great work in life.

After his graduation in 1830 Sumner went through the Harvard Law School, opened an office in Boston, and was at one time the law lecturer at Cambridge, taking the place of his distinguished friend, Judge Joseph Story. The years 1837, 1838, and part of 1839 Sumner spent in Europe, advancing and broadening his culture in many ways and forming acquaintances among a large number of the most eminent European scholars and public men. In 1845, when he was but thirty-four years of age, he was the orator at Boston's Fourth of July Celebration. His appearance at this time was striking. "He appeared," said one of his biographers, "the embodiment of manly beauty. He stood six feet and three inches in height, erect, handsomely proportioned, a splendid specimen of vigorous manhood." This Fourth of July address put Sumner at once in the very forefront of America's orators. Edward Everett called it "an address of unsurpassed felicity and power." Within a single year after its delivery more than ten thousand copies of it were printed and circulated; and to-day, sixty-six years later, it is still published annually and distributed by the Peace Societies of England and our own country. It was the earnest of Sumner's life-work, the early promise of his determination to bring the civilized world up to his own high ideals of justice and humanity. Such seed-sowing is never in vain, though the ripe harvest may be long delayed.

The following year, in 1846, Sumner was the orator of the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard. The subject of his oration was "The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, and the Philanthropist," commemorating under this head his former friends, Pickering, Judge Story, Washington Allston, and William Ellery Channing, all of them Phi Beta Kappa men in their day. The address was another signal triumph for Sumner, the rising orator, and won for him the warm praise of such men as Chancellor Kent, Edward Everett, and John Quincy Adams. Edward Everett said of it: "It was marked with a certain magnificence which I do not well know how to parallel. It was an amazingly splendid affair. I never heard it surpassed; I do not know that I ever heard it equalled." To Sumner himself, Everett, who was at that time the President

of Harvard, wrote, "Should you never do anything else, you have done enough for fame; but you are, as far as these public efforts are concerned, at the commencement of a career destined, I trust, to last for long years of ever-increasing usefulness and honor." It is pleasant in this connection to remember that Sumner's Alma Mater gave him in 1859 the honorary degree of LL.D., and also that he left to Harvard in his will all his rare books and his splendid collection of autographs, besides giving the college an endowment of $1,000 in trust for an annual prize for the best dissertation by any student on "Universal Peace."

The succeeding years, from 1846 to the time of his election to the United States Senate in 1851, are marked by Sumner's growing interest in public affairs and the important part which he now took as a leader in the anti-slavery cause. But from start to finish in his political career he stood firmly for principle as against expediency. At the Massachusetts Whig Convention in 1847 he voted with others for a resolution which pledged the Whig party to support no candidate for the Presidency who was not known to be opposed to the extension of slavery. The resolution was lost, but the discussion of it gave Sumner his opportunity of going upon the record as unflinchingly hostile to the position of those who would stand by their party, whether it was right or was wrong. "Far above," he said, "any flickering light or battle-lantern of party is the Everlasting Sun of Truth in whose beams are the duties of men." There spoke the Charles Sumner of immortal fame; and the future events of his public career are but a series of brilliant illustrations of those great words. Let me repeat them here to-day. "*In the beams of the Everlasting Sun of Truth are the duties of men.*"

From December 1, 1851, when Senator Sumner took his seat in the Congress of the United States, to March 11, 1874, when he died, his life was that of a public servant. He fell at last while still at the post of duty, wearing his senatorial harness, prepared to serve or wait, elsewhere or there. The record of what Sumner said and did in these twenty-three years of his Congressional labors is part of his country's history. At the end he could say, looking back over his public career, "There is one

satisfaction that cannot be taken from me: I have tried to do my duty and to advance humanity, keeping Massachusetts foremost in that which is just and magnanimous."

In leaving Boston for Washington, Mr. Sumner showed again that warmly affectionate side of his nature which has not always been fully recognized. From New York he wrote to his intimate friend, Dr. Howe, of the South Boston Blind Asylum, "Three times yesterday I wept like a child; I could not help it; first in parting with Longfellow, next in parting with you, and lastly as I left my mother and my sister." To Longfellow he wrote: "I could not speak to you as we parted; my soul was too full; only tears would flow. Your friendship and dear Fanny's [Mrs. Longfellow] have been among my few treasures, like gold unchanging. From a grateful heart I now thank you for your true and constant friendship. God bless you both, ever dear friends, faithful and good!" One other instance of Sumner's affection for his personal friends deserves mention here. I have said that Abraham Lincoln loved him and trusted him to the end. Indeed, in spite of some sharp political antagonisms, which would have shattered a friendship less deeply based, Lincoln showed Sumner more signs of personal regard than any other man in public service. When, on that sad morning of April 15, 1865, Lincoln lay on his dying-bed in Washington, Sumner sat by his side, holding his hand and sobbing as a child; and it was upon Charles Sumner's strong arm that Lincoln's son Robert stood leaning as the immortal President breathed his last.

The relations between Sumner and Lincoln are such an important part of the history of the times which we are here considering that they call for a more extended notice. The fact to be emphasized is that Sumner's attitude toward slavery greatly influenced Lincoln; although the wise and cautious President did not look at the general question precisely as Sumner did. With Lincoln the supreme aim of the government in the Civil War, at least in the earlier periods of the war, was to restore the Union. Sumner, on the other hand, always looked upon the Southern Rebellion as being, what we all know it really was, slavery in arms. He believed, therefore, that the war, although

aimed primarily at the restoration of the Union, could not end, and ought not to end, without ending slavery also.

When in the summer of 1862 Sumner was urging Lincoln to take the decisive step of issuing the edict of emancipation, the President said to his friend, "You, Sumner, are only a month or so ahead of me." These words of Lincoln were almost literally true in respect of what was perhaps the greatest act of his life; for it was only a little later, *i.e.*, on the 22d of September, 1862, that the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued and the shackles which had fettered four millions of slaves were at one stroke and forever broken. To have done that great act, Governor Long once said, "to have at one cut ripped the cancer from the Republic, was to have attained a glory than which there can be no greater in human history." Of that immortal glory let Charles Sumner have the share to which impartial history says he was fully entitled. And in this connection, as we are thinking of the attitude of these two statesmen, the Executive and the senator, in respect of the freedman, let us remember that they were virtually of the same opinion as to what the national government should do for the newly emancipated negro. Did Lincoln think that the country owed the colored man a good education, even more than it owed him the right of suffrage? This was always Sumner's contention, who went even further in this direction of a wise and sane statesmanship. For Sumner would have had the government give the negro a homestead as well as the school and the ballot. He would thus have had the freedman placed where, untrammelled by poverty and unhindered by ignorance, he could by his thrift and his knowledge prove himself capable of casting an intelligent vote. It was not then universal suffrage for the black man which Sumner advocated: it was rather impartial suffrage. "If you introduce," he said, "the test of the spelling-book, let it cut clear across; let it apply impartially to blacks and whites alike." The only difference of opinion between the two great comrades that ever threatened to destroy their friendship related to the question whose was the power of controlling reconstruction while the war was still in progress. Lincoln held that the power

belonged to the Executive, while Sumner contended that it belonged to Congress. The event proved that, so far as this question of reconstruction was concerned, Sumner was right and Lincoln was in error. All other questions touching the status of the negro or that of the Southern States which had been in rebellion arose at a later period, after Lincoln's death. That the successful opposition by Senator Sumner to a project on which the President's heart was set caused no break in their personal friendship was due as much to the magnanimity of Sumner as to the greatness of Lincoln. One other illustration of the influence of our great anti-slavery senator over his friend, President Lincoln, calls for a passing mention. It was in the period when the two illustrious comrades were most intimate in their friendship, on March 4, 1865, that Abraham Lincoln gave his brief second Inaugural Address, a speech as memorable in many ways as his immortal words at Gettysburg. Toward the close of this Inaugural Lincoln said, referring clearly and strongly to the sin of slavery, "If God wills that this war continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, yet the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

To return to Sumner's great life-work as "the senator with a conscience," we note, first of all, that for several months after taking his seat in Congress in 1851 he remained silent upon all the questions which then came before the Senate. He was awaiting his time to speak to Congress and to the nation in behalf of human liberty. At length that time arrived. Claiming his right to discuss a resolution which brought the Fugitive Slave Law directly before the Senate, Sumner on the 26th of August, 1852, only a few days before Congress adjourned its session, delivered his first public speech against American slavery,—the most significant happening in the United States Senate since Daniel Webster's reply to Hayne. It was also an epitome of Sumner's whole public career. Still further, it marked the beginning of an epoch in our country's history.

It rang out the old even as it rang in the new. In this speech Sumner arraigned slavery in the name of that nationality which it had falsely called its own; he declared that the anti-slavery movement is from the Everlasting Arm; he indicted the Fugitive Slave Bill, to quote his own words, "in the name of the Constitution which it violates, of my country which it dishonors, of humanity which it disowns, of Christianity which it offends"; he showed by the indisputable facts of current history that the act "had not that essential support in the public conscience of the States where it was designed to be enforced without which any law becomes a dead letter"; and he closed with the grandly simple peroration:—

"Mindful of the lowly whom it pursues, mindful of the good men perplexed by its requirements, in the name of Charity, in the name of the Constitution, repeal this enactment." Were not these words well and bravely said? And was not this true Christian warrior, this godly man, who was without fear and above reproach, the champion of that "Stern Lawgiver" of whom Wordsworth sang:—

> "Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
> And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong."

The novel and pregnant phrase, "Freedom National, Slavery Sectional," which was first used in this speech of Sumner's, soon became the watchword and the rallying cry of the new Free Soil party, later the Republican party. But, at the time when the Massachusetts senator uttered these words, slavery had apparently subdued to its will the entire nation. It controlled our politics. It ruled our trade and our commerce. It laid a padlock on the lips of nearly every Christian minister in the land; while it had poisoned at their source those social relations which should keep men generous and sweet-tempered in their intercourse with one another. After Sumner had delivered in the Senate his first speech against slavery, he was made to feel, even as in my own boyhood I had felt, the social ostracism which every one then encountered who dared to say a word, or to do the smallest deed, against the giant wrong. Never shall I forget

the evening in 1861 when, as I was walking with Mr. Sumner through the residential quarter of the city of Baltimore, he pointed to one after another of the stately mansions which we were passing, and said with a tone of pathetic sadness in his voice: "When I came to Washington, ten years ago, all these houses were opened to me, and I was always a welcome guest. But ever since my anti-slavery speech in the Senate, every one of these brownstone fronts has been closed against me." I did not then know what, indeed, I have only recently learned, that as early as 1848, three years before he went to Washington, the expression of his anti-slavery convictions had cost him in his native city of Boston a similar loss of social recognition. Riding one day down Beacon Street with his friend Richard Henry Dana, he said sadly: "The time was when there was hardly a house within two miles of this place where I was not a welcome guest. Now hardly one is opened to me." This is the state of things of which we need to remind ourselves when we think of that now long ago time which saw the advent of Charles Sumner to the Senate of the United States. For this godly man was most emphatically what Theodore Parker had desired that he should be, "the senator with a conscience." He saw all his political duties "in the beams of the Everlasting Sun of Truth." In a very real sense Sumner incarnated the conscience of the North in respect of human slavery; and it was but natural that he should become its chief representative. From the moment of his first speech in the Senate the slave-holding power throughout the land knew that, at last, it had met its match, if not its master. These hitherto so insolent defenders of the slave system could then say with Macbeth:—

> "We but teach
> Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
> To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
> To our own lips."

I can see him now as on that midsummer day, nearly sixty years ago, he stood proudly erect in his place in the Senate; as George William Curtis once pictured him,—"with the light of

spotless youth upon his face, towering, dauntless, radiant; the indomitable Puritan, speaking not for his State alone, nor for his country only, but for human rights everywhere and always; forecasting the future, heralding the New America." Then followed the speeches which Sumner made, called forth by the violation of the Missouri Compromise,—"The Crime against Kansas," as he forcibly, but truly, characterized it. Of these speeches the most vigorous and most telling was that of June 28, 1854. In his former speeches he had attacked the slave power, showing the crimes of which it had been guilty and exposing the corrupt and corrupting character of that tyrannical rule under which Liberty had no rights that the government was bound to respect. The slave-masters themselves he had hardly alluded to, save as they were an inseparable part of the slave power. But the time had come when there was no longer any virtue in forbearance toward his insolent assailants, the men who cracked the plantation whip in the halls of Congress and practised on their political peers the tactics of the overseer and the slave-driver. The invective of Sumner's speech was indeed severe; but who will now say it was uncalled for or undeserved? There are occasions when the champion of justice must silence the bully and shame the coward; and Charles Sumner plied the scourge of a righteous wrath in that chamber of legislation, as of old the whip of knotted cords was used in the temple at Jerusalem. His great speech on "The Crime against Kansas," given two years later on May 19, 1856, led to the cowardly and brutal attack by Preston Brooks which nearly cost Sumner his life and impaired his usefulness during all the years that succeeded the shameful event.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that no other speech ever delivered in the United States Congress found such a large and world-wide hearing as this particular anti-slavery speech of Sumner's. Fully a million copies of it were distributed. It was reprinted and widely circulated in England and was translated into both Welsh and German. Truly of Sumner's words on human freedom we may say, as Emerson said of Concord's embattled farmers by the rude bridge that arched the flood, he

"fired the shot heard round the world." No candid reader of that speech to-day can find anything severe in it but the severity of truth; anything objectionable in it, unless it be its formidable array of objections to the slave power's arrogance and usurpations. It was an argument not for abolition or emancipation, but simply for the non-extension of slavery. It painted in strong colors the undeniable encroachments of the South and described in plain terms the character of the institution which was seeking a new foothold on soil consecrated to freedom. It was never answered in debate. No voice, no pen, no peaceful and legitimate weapon of controversy, was used to war against its serried facts and well-marshalled arguments. The bludgeon was the only tool which the craven slave power could employ. But the event which raised Brooks, the plantation Hotspur, to the rank of a hero in the South, awakened the slumbering moral sense of the North and threw off once and forever the mask under which slavery had hitherto disguised its true character.

It is the intrinsic nature of evil to run to madness; and the slave power prepared the way for its own overthrow, first by this cowardly assault on Charles Sumner, next by its traitorous attack on Fort Sumter, and, finally, by its foul murder of Abraham Lincoln. Thus did the career of the Massachusetts senator enter into the mysterious web of fate in which the destinies of men and nations are overruled; when, through the fine-spun threads of human wrong-doing, the pattern of God is slowly, but surely, wrought. Henceforth the words of Sumner against the mighty injustice of slavery were sure to go like winged arrows straight to their mark; for he had been perfected through suffering.

The event just described, the assault upon Sumner by Preston Brooks, calls for a more extended discussion. A Boston journal, anticipating the hundredth anniversary of Sumner's birth, the 6th of January, 1911, published in its Sunday edition on last New Year's Day a long article entitled "Charles Sumner as his Friends and Enemies saw him." This article, while giving a wholly inadequate analysis of Sumner's personality and character as well as an absurdly brief report of his eminent public services,

is chiefly noteworthy as occupying several columns of the paper with an attempt to explain away the ruffianism of the Southern Congressman's cowardly assault. We are even told that the real assailant was Sumner himself, not the South Carolinian bully. The Massachusetts senator, it is said, in his speech on "The Crime against Kansas," not only denounced the State of South Carolina, but also showered personal abuse upon the senator from that State, Senator Butler, who at the time was absent from the Senate Chamber. The facts are these. Sumner had been a little more than four years in the United States Senate. For the opportunity to deliver his first speech he had been compelled to wait for months, until he could claim his senatorial right to speak. During all this time he had to submit to the taunts which were flung at him, and to remove as best he could the obstacles put in his way, by the arrogant slave-holding senators from the South. Insulted by some of these men, when he closed his first great address on the slave question; one of them saying that, "while the ravings of a maniac might be dangerous, the barking of a puppy never did any harm"; forced to listen to the contempt poured upon him by Senator Butler, who spoke of his "vapid rhetoric" and called him "a plunging agitator actuated by a pseudo-philanthropy"; further vilified by other slave-holding senators who in later debates denounced him as "a sneaking, sinuous, snake-like poltroon,"—Charles Sumner made in May, 1856, his significant speech on "The Crime against Kansas." It was, by the way, while delivering this address, that to Senator Butler, who had interrupted him by asking whether, as a Massachusetts man, he would send back a fugitive slave into bondage, Sumner made the memorable reply: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Even during Sumner's delivery of this speech several of the Southern senators kept up so much conversation and laughter among themselves that more than once they were called to order; while throughout the five hours occupied by Sumner, at two successive daily sessions of the Senate, he was not once spoken to by the presiding officer,—a conclusive proof that Sumner had not gone beyond the recognized proprieties of the occa-

sion in his remarks concerning slavery and the slave-holding lords. To all this let it be added that, in his abuse of Sumner, Senator Butler even went so far as to charge upon the Massachusetts senator his own infirmity of being an habitual drunkard; saying, in his maudlin fashion, that Sumner "didn't know half the time what he was talking about." More than this, this Butler of South Carolina, no near relative of the Brooks who struck Sumner down, being only a second cousin of his, had attempted to vilify before the Senate our good Old Bay State; saying that it was "nothing but an anti-nigger State," and that, when her citizens abolished slavery in Massachusetts, the little darkies who were left there were sent about as puppies to be taken by those who would feed them!

Touched to the quick by this long-continued insolence, these rude manners and malicious taunts, of the slave-holding senators, Sumner resolved that, as the whole arsenal of God was his to use in defence of human freedom, he would employ all its weapons. Referring to Senator Butler, whose absence from the Senate on the day set down for Sumner's speech the Massachusetts senator could neither have foreseen nor have prevented, he said of him that "he had chosen a mistress, who, though ugly to others, is always lovely to him: I mean," he added, "the Harlot Slavery"; while, in speaking of Butler's State, he said, "Kansas in her valiant struggle against oppression has done more for civilization than South Carolina has ever done," adding these striking words: "Ah! Sir: I tell you that Kansas, welcomed as a free State, a ministering angel shall be to the Republic, when South Carolina, in the cloak of darkness which she hugs, lies howling."

Did Charles Sumner in saying this go too far? Impartial history answers, "No." Did he here use, as has often been charged against him, an "indecent" figure of speech when he spoke of slavery as the harlot, the accepted mistress of the slave-holding senator? To this question also impartial history gives in reply an emphatic "No." Passing over the fact that the world-famous Chevalier Bayard, the man who was "without fear and above reproach," used in his day the same metaphor, saying that, "as

is the mistress, so will her valet be"; omitting also the frequent use of this figure of speech by Shakspere,—the Muse of History will be content with simply reminding us that no less than eight times does this obnoxious word "harlot" appear in the New Testament; while the Master of all Christians once said to the self-righteous Pharisees who stood about him, "The very harlots shall go into the kingdom of God before you." So falls to the ground the mistaken and not always well-meant effort to white-wash the memory of a dastardly bully, whose act has no defence even in the court of the prize ring, where to strike a man who cannot strike back is reckoned rank cowardice. And so rises into clearer light the character of Charles Sumner, who carried away from the assault which so nearly cost him his life no trace of a resentful spirit, but, when asked in after-years how he felt towards his assailant, replied: "Only as to a brick that should fall upon my head from a chimney. He was the unconscious agent of a malign power."

A remark like this is a window through which we may look into the speaker's inmost heart, and see there the true source of his religious faith. By birth and training Sumner was a Unitarian; but he left to others the task of weighing and appraising his beliefs. His Methodist friend, Bishop Haven, of Boston, said, "It was Christianity without Christ that Sumner felt and preached and practised,—a Christianity," he went on to say, "not of doctrine, but of life." That Sumner's lofty ethical idealism was nurtured by a deep fountain of religion within his soul, his evangelical friend failed to recognize; and this the superficial student of his character is apt even now to overlook. Yet one who knew him well once said of Sumner, "I never knew a man with a firmer grasp upon faith in the good God."

When, two years before his death, he met in France some of the eminent Frenchmen whom he knew, he said to them: "You wish to found here a republic without religion. In America we should consider such an undertaking chimerical and doomed to certain defeat." But twelve years before this, when making in the United States Senate his last great speech against "The Barbarism of Slavery," Sumner said, "I should suppress the

emotion natural to such an occasion as this if I did not declare on the threshold my gratitude to that Supreme Being through whose benign care I am enabled, after much suffering and many changes, once again to resume my duties here, and to speak for the cause so near my heart."

Sumner's family had a pew in King's Chapel; and during his residence in Boston after his father's death he occupied his place at the head of the pew. But neither there nor, alas! in any other "liberal church" in that old-time Boston could Sumner have heard a Christianity preached which concerned itself with the slave or with that consecrated warfare against American slavery to which he gave his life. More significant, as bearing upon Sumner's religion, is the fact that during most of the impressionable years of his early manhood he enjoyed the intimate personal friendship of William Ellery Channing. The influence over Sumner of this great Unitarian divine made not only for righteousness and philanthropy, but also for that pure and undefiled religion whose best fruits are seen in such personal virtues and in such an unselfish devotion to human welfare as were the ruling traits of the character of this uncorrupt and white-souled statesman.

How our hero, or let us now call him the nation's hero, spent the time from May, 1856, to December, 1859, when he returned to his place in the United States Senate, is told us with interesting details by his different biographers. He was an invalid seeking the health that seemed so long in returning. In January, 1857, while he was in his Boston home, he was re-elected, almost unanimously, to the Senate of the United States, and in February journeyed to Washington and took again the oath of office. But his home physician advised a trip to Europe, that he might obtain abroad the absolute rest which his bodily condition demanded. From this journey, on which he received almost unprecedented attentions from the most eminent men and women of all the countries which he visited, he returned home to Boston on the 19th of November, 1857, far indeed from well, but eager to resume his senatorial labors. The following April he suffered from a relapse; and, yielding again, but with great

reluctance, to his doctor's advice, he sailed for the second time in quest of health to the lands of the Old World, leaving New York on May 22, 1858, just two years after the assault by Brooks. This time he was treated for his spinal injuries by the world's greatest specialist for nervous disease, Dr. Brown-Séquard, of Paris. The bodily pain caused by this treatment, this eminent physician once remarked, was the greatest suffering which can be inflicted on a mortal man. Seven times Sumner bore the terrible burning, refusing to take any anæsthetic; but the great senator's unparalleled fortitude had its reward in the partial recovery of his health. The complete recovery never came; and at the last, in 1874, the spinal complaint was complicated by angina pectoris, caused by the Paris treatment, and of this disease he died.

This second journey through Europe was for Sumner another delightful sojourn in famous localities and among his eminent and intimate friends abroad. He came back to Boston in November, 1859, and in the following month resumed his public service in Washington. A happy incident attending this long-continued quest of health was his reception, while in Boston in the summer of 1856, of the honorary degree of LL.D., conferred upon him by the two colleges Amherst and Yale. His own Alma Mater gave him the same degree, as we have seen, three years after this, in 1859.

In his place in the Senate, on the 4th of June, 1860, Sumner gave what may well be called the oratorical death-blow to the iniquitous wrong to whose destruction he had consecrated his life. His address at this time was upon "The Barbarism of Slavery." It was the last speech on the slavery question which was given in Congress, and virtually closed the great debate. After 1860 the abolition of human bondage in this country was referred to the stern arbitrament of war.

In this connection I may be pardoned if I mention the fact that a month later, on July 18, 1860, in my valedictory oration at the Harvard College Commencement, I spoke of Sumner, who was then sitting on the platform quite near me as I was speaking, as "the uncorrupt statesman, who had dared to assail the inso-

lence of barbarous wrong intrenched in its strongholds of laws and institutions." This reference to Sumner and his speech brought upon me a storm of mingled hisses and applause, and created an unusual excitement. As one of my Southern classmates, afterwards a distinguished officer in the Confederate Army, was leaving the church, he said to another member of the class, who was later a general in the Union Army, "That valedictory means civil war."

For myself personally it meant the warm friendship of the great senator, which lasted until his death. One visit which I paid him in Washington I shall never forget. It was on Christmas Day, 1861. As I approached his house in F Street, not far from 14th Street, I saw him coming from the direction of the White House and went to meet him. After his customary cordial greeting, he said to me, "You are probably the first person in the world to be told of one of the most memorable triumphs of international justice in these modern days." He then told me that President Lincoln had just assured him that there would be no war with England on account of the "Trent" affair, but that Mason and Slidell would be set free, and would be allowed to go to Europe as the ambassadors of the Confederacy to England and France. The source of the senator's information was the meeting of Lincoln's cabinet that morning, which by special invitation he had just attended, and at which every cabinet officer, except the Postmaster-General, had at first declared himself to be opposed to the policy urged by Sumner and finally adopted by Lincoln. Sumner was then at the head of the most important committee of the Senate, the Committee on Foreign Relations; and to him more than to any other man, except the President, was due the great triumph of justice and right in this exciting affair. Against the violent drift of public opinion throughout the North, which mistakenly held that to keep these men as our prisoners would weaken the Confederacy, Sumner stood as firm and immovable as a rock in a tempest, justifying Lincoln's decision on the high ground of the true principles of international relations. This victory for humanity, and, as it afterward proved, a victory for the Union cause in

our Civil War, was the result, humanly speaking, of the consummate statesmanship of Charles Sumner, reinforced by his unswerving fidelity to the right as God gave him to see the right.

It may be well here to contrast with this noble and statesman-like action of Sumner in the "Trent" affair the attitude of Mr. Gideon Welles, who has recently taken occasion to asperse the memory of our Massachusetts senator. Mr. Welles was at the time Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, and made haste to give out the declaration that the act of Captain Wilkes in seizing the two Confederate representatives, Mason and Slidell, was "marked with intelligence, ability, decision, and firmness, and has the emphatic approval of the Navy Department." No one to-day can doubt that in this important case Charles Sumner in saying that this act of the commander of our naval ship was both unjust and unwise, and in bringing not only President Lincoln, but the entire North to his way of thinking, carried off the honors. And the same contrast may be seen between the short-sighted policies of Mr. Welles as Secretary of the Navy under Andrew Johnson and the clear moral vision and broad, constructive statesmanship of Senator Sumner.

The contemplation of a great moral character like this is at once elevating and ennobling. But Charles Sumner was a man whose personality was easily misunderstood; and to-day, as in his lifetime, many persons are accustomed to emphasize unduly what they call his failings and his faults. A valued friend has lately written me concerning Sumner, saying, "There is much Philistine stock in me, and a man who shows himself unpractical is apt to get a bad mark in my books, more especially if he hasn't humor and is a good deal interested in himself." This is an excellent summary of the alleged defects in Sumner's character:—

First, his being unpractical.

Second, his having no humor.

Third, his thinking too highly of himself.

Let us look into them. If Sumner's ethical idealism, his unswerving loyalty to the right, implies, as its accompanying defect, a lack of practical wisdom in always employing the best

means for securing a desired end, then this failing may be admitted. But is not this shortcoming, if so it may be called, the defect of a great quality? Sumner himself has told us that he "saw all his duties in the beams of the Everlasting Sun of Truth"; and a too concentrated look at the sunlight may dim even the strongest sight and obscure those paths to immediate success which lesser men more easily perceive and more readily pursue. So far, however, as the life-work of Sumner is concerned, the overthrow of the most barbarous institution that ever threatened a nation's peace and safety, this charge of unpracticalness falls to the ground. Charles Sumner accomplished the thing on which his mind and heart were fixed. With the help of God and the assistance of other men he won the end which he sought. No loyalty to ideas that was less strenuous than his could have gained this splendid victory; while, in respect of his unfaltering fidelity to human freedom, time has long since brought around the popular judgment to his own. If to have been the victorious champion of such a cause is to have been "unpractical," then, in the great moral conflicts in which we are engaged to-day, may Heaven send us leaders who are not too practical!

And let us also remember that this charge of being unpractical is chiefly aimed at the great senator because of what was done or was left undone by him during the last few years of his public life,—at a time when, as his friend Judge Hoar once said, "In advancing age and still striving to bear up and do his work, under a terrible burden of shattered health and worn nerves, he made judgments which some of us have thought unjust and severed associations which some of us would gladly have preserved."

Another true and tried friend of Sumner, the late Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, tells us how at one time during this later period of his senatorial career Sumner found himself unable one day to remain in his place in the Senate Chamber. "I went back," he said, "to my own house deeply discouraged; and the tears came to my eyes thinking I could do no more work for my race or my country." Then it was that the disheartened senator took up a volume of Milton and opened it mechanically.

The page before him had on it one of Milton's Sonnets and, when Sumner read the great poet's immortal lines,—

> "What supports me, dost thou ask?
> The conscience, friend, to have lost [my eyes] o'erplied
> In liberty's defence, my noble task,"—

his hope and courage returned, and at his own noble task he labored on until for him that work was done. Surely, it is better to recall in Sumner's honor an event like this than to blame him for hasty words spoken or hasty actions done in those last years, when the tired statesman, like a broken-down soldier, remained at duty's post and to the end discharged his every obligation.

That, in passing ill-considered judgments and in advocating some measures whereby he separated himself from those who would naturally have been his associates and allies, Sumner showed a lack of tact and a want of political sagacity may be freely admitted. To this extent he may be said to have been in his later years "unpractical." But, "lest we forget," let us remind ourselves here that, in the efforts which the Massachusetts senator made to secure the safety and uplifting of the newly emancipated negroes of the South, Sumner always urged the claim of the freedman to receive a homestead and a good education as well as the suffrage. In his recent Life of Sumner in the series of "American Crisis Biographies," Professor Haynes tells us that our senator strove most earnestly to impose, as further requisites for reconstruction, the provision of homesteads for the freedmen and of free schools, in which there should be no discrimination of race and color; but his efforts were defeated. To the end of his life, Sumner felt deep disappointment at this failure to secure free schools and homesteads,—a disappointment which, at one time, was so bitter that he left the Senate Chamber, and, when he reached his home, his grief found vent in tears. In wise and practical statesmanship may we not say that Sumner's course at this time was far in advance of that which his colleagues in Congress displayed? One word more. The broad and wise statesmanship of Charles Sumner during his long period of public service took in many other interests

besides that of human freedom. As we have already seen, he was the successful champion, in the famous "Trent" affair, of principles of international justice which saved us from a war with England in 1861, and established for all coming time a righteous precedent to govern us in our relations with foreign powers. From the long and bitter conflict between Congress and the administration concerning the annexation of San Domingo, on which President Grant had set his heart,—a conflict in which the Massachusetts senator (who was suffering at the time from nervous weakness) too often allowed his feelings to get the better of his judgment,—Sumner came out victorious. As was truly said of this issue, "Charles Sumner had again helped to keep the country right, though at terrible cost to himself." And through his long career in Congress many a wise and practical measure for the benefit of the public had no more able or intelligent and successful advocate than our "senator with a conscience." It is enough in this connection to note Sumner's efforts to secure lower postal rates and simpler classification of the public statutes and an increase in pay to the enlisted men in our navy; his earnest advocacy of international copyright, of the reform of our consular appointments, and the adoption of the metric system; and, finally, his successful championship in 1867 of the accession of Alaska. To this day Sumner's three hours' speech in the Senate on the resources of this then almost unknown Russian America, to which Territory Sumner himself gave the name Alaska, is a marvellous and comprehensive presentation of what that far-off section of our country has shown itself to be.

The second fault, or weakness, which my friend finds in Mr. Sumner is that he had no humor. To any one who knew the great senator this charge itself is humorous. The correct thing to say is simply that with Sumner humor was not usually his strong point. He took himself, as he took life, seriously. Notwithstanding, however, what his friend, William Wetmore Story, said of him, that in his youth he was put off his feet by the least *persiflage;* notwithstanding, too, what Dr. Holmes is reported to have said of Sumner, that "a pleasantry which would have

set a company laughing bewildered and distressed him"; and in spite also of the testimony of his intimate friend, Carl Schurz, that our great senator "seemed never to understand the fun and humor of Abraham Lincoln,"—yet other friends of Sumner have testified that at the social board, and especially toward his guests in his own home, he contributed mirth as well as wisdom; while the reader of the printed reports of Sumner's speeches will note that they are often punctuated by the reporter's parenthesis, in which the word "laughter" appears. To have made such audiences as the Massachusetts senator usually addressed indulge in any laughter cannot be said of a man who was altogether destitute of humor. It is, indeed, true that, in respect of the quality which we are now considering, no two men could have been more unlike than were Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner; but it is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that the great President's fondness for the droll witticisms of "Petroleum V. Nasby" (of whom Lincoln once said to Sumner, "For the genius to write these things I would gladly give up my high office") led him to initiate his Massachusetts friend into a real liking for this funny writer.

So fond did Sumner become of this author's banter that we find him, on one occasion, quoting against his pro-slavery opponents in the Senate the verse of one of Nasby's so called "hymns," which runs:—

> "Shall niggers black this land possess,
> And mix with us up here?
> Oh, no, my friends! I raythor guess
> We'll never stand that 'ere."

Such a humorous proceeding may not have been a usual thing with a man who was dead in earnest in his warfare against American slavery; but it certainly does show that he was not wholly destitute of humor. In fact, the climax of the argument in favor of Sumner's love of jest and banter is reached, when we find this highly cultured scholar actually writing the introduction to the permanent edition of Petroleum V. Nasby's "Letters"!

Let me add, as the recent testimony on this point of a personal friend, that, whenever Sumner came to Boston, he was sure to

call often upon his intimate friend, the Methodist bishop, Gilbert Haven. At that time Bishop Haven had a room in the Zion's Herald Building in Boston; and, said the publisher of that paper to my informant, "from the time Sumner entered his friend's room till he went away it was ringing with their laughter and hilarity."

As to Sumner's pleasantries when with friends, I recall his amused look and the sparkle of suppressed merriment in his eyes when once, in the library of his home in Washington, I said to him, "Do you know how often you have asked me when I have come to see you whether you could do anything for me?" "Well," he replied, laughing as he spoke, "so many of my callers do have an axe to grind that I have probably got into the habit of putting the same question to every one." Let me here add, though it is a digression from my present theme, that when, at a later date, I asked our senator to help me to get a position in the navy for a young friend of mine, he responded at once, and soon secured the appointment asked for. And this naval engineer, who has lived to be an honor to the government that appointed him, is but one of a host of the personal beneficiaries of Senator Sumner. In his early manhood he was influential in having Nathaniel Hawthorne made surveyor at the Salem custom-house,—a position which, humanly speaking, enabled the great novelist to give to the world his romance of "The Scarlet Letter." Later in his life Sumner urged President Lincoln to appoint Salmon P. Chase Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; and, finally, let us not forget that in 1870, when a much-needed pension for the widow of Abraham Lincoln had been held back by one Congress after another, Sumner succeeded in having the pension granted, in spite of the stubborn opposition of every member of the Senate committee to which it had been referred. Truly, then, may it be said of Charles Sumner that, while in a life devoted to high aims and lofty moral purposes his sense of humor was but seldom called into exercise, he chose that better part which can never be taken from our remembrance of him,—his constant and unselfish acts of kindness and of love.

One other foible in Sumner's character which my friend pointed

out was that he was a good deal interested in himself. This is sometimes spoken of as the great senator's love of deference and approval. In his early life he was an exceptionally modest young man. The unusual attentions which were showered upon him in Europe on the occasion of his first tour abroad left him an unspoiled youth. The lionizing which he then received had not turned his head in the least. In after-years his well-earned fame gave him no doubt a heightened appreciation of his own powers. But Sumner's love of commendation was rather, as Senator George F. Hoar once said of it, a love of sympathy. If it must be called a defect, it is but another defect of a great quality,— the other side of that honest desire for merited recognition which is almost inseparable from a consciousness of superiority and an intense moral earnestness. But let it be remembered that, with Sumner, approval was a thing which it was always more blessed for him to give than to receive. Nor did he ever stoop to the shifty devices of the mere courtier or to the trickeries of the self-seeking politician in order to win the praise of men. I strongly doubt if any one of Sumner's many and warmly attached friends were ever troubled by this infirmity of his. Upon them he never practised it. His unvarying attitude to all who came closest to him as a man was that of genial and hearty sympathy. We knew him but to love him. If in the last years of his public life, to which reference has already been made, our great senator showed at times what seemed to be a domineering spirit, and even assumed toward his colleagues a lecturing attitude, let us keep in mind the extenuating circumstances. These were the foibles of a sick man who was old before his time, and who to his dying day bore uncomplainingly the burden of shattered nerves and broken health. The usual outflow from such strength as he still possessed was such a pouring forth of tenderness and thoughtful love as we rarely see in those whom we call the great men of the earth.

As our white-souled statesman's useful and memorable life drew to a close, a single dark cloud gathered in the political sky above him. This was the resolution of censure upon him passed by the legislature of Massachusetts because he had introduced

and advocated in Congress a bill providing that the names of battles with fellow-citizens should not be continued in the Army Register or placed on the regimental colors of the United States. Two days before his death he had the supreme happiness to see this cloud disperse. A colored member of our State legislature had hastened to Washington to give to Mr. Sumner the later resolution which rescinded the legislative censure. "The dear old Commonwealth has spoken for me," he said. "It is enough."

In that timely act of the Boston representative I seem to see the colored race placing upon the brow of the dying senator its crown of bright immortelles; and to-day, in this centennial year of Charles Sumner, those flowers are blooming afresh. They will never cease to bloom. Nothing that I have said, nothing that I can say, will give to them a fairer hue or add to their undying fragrance. I can only, in affectionate imagination, place on the simple monument upon Charles Sumner's grave in Mount Auburn the words of the great beatitude: "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

POEM.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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SUMNER.

"I am not one who has disgraced beauty or sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied."—*Milton's "Defence of the People of England."*

O Mother State! the winds of March
Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of God,
Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch
Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And now, with all thy woods in leaf,
Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead
Thou sittest, in thy robes of grief,
A Rachel yet uncomforted!

And once again the organ swells,
Once more the flag is half-way hung,
And yet again the mournful bells
In all thy steeple-towers are rung.

And I, obedient to thy will,
Have come a simple wreath to lay,
Superfluous, on a grave that still
Is sweet with all the flowers of May.

I take, with awe, the task assigned;
It may be that my friend might miss,
In his new sphere of heart and mind,
Some token from my hand in this.

By many a tender memory moved,
Along the past my thought I send;
The record of the cause he loved
Is the best record of its friend.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,
He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame,
But never yet to Hebrew seer
A clearer voice of duty came.

God said: "Break thou these yokes; undo
These heavy burdens. I ordain
A work to last thy whole life through,
A ministry of strife and pain.

"Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by,
The rights of man are more than these."
He heard, and answered: "Here am I!"

He set his face against the blast,
His feet against the flinty shard,
Till the hard service grew, at last,
Its own exceeding great reward.

Lifted like Saul's above the crowd,
Upon his kingly forehead fell
The first sharp bolt of Slavery's cloud,
Launched at the truth he urged so well.

Ah! never yet, at rack or stake,
Was sorer loss made Freedom's gain,
Than his, who suffered for her sake
The beak-torn Titan's lingering pain!

The fixed star of his faith, through all
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the same;
As through a night of storm, some tall,
Strong lighthouse lifts its steady flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw
The sheaves of freedom's large increase,
The holy fanes of equal law,
The New Jerusalem of peace.

The weak might fear, the worldling mock,
The faint and blind of heart regret;
All knew at last th' eternal rock
On which his forward feet were set.

The subtlest scheme of compromise
Was folly to his purpose bold;
The strongest mesh of party lies
Weak to the simplest truth he told.

One language held his heart and lip,
Straight onward to his goal he trod,
And proved the highest statesmanship
Obedience to the voice of God.

No wail was in his voice,—none heard,
When treason's storm-cloud blackest grew,
The weakness of a doubtful word;
His duty, and the end, he knew.

The first to smite, the first to spare;
When once the hostile ensigns fell,
He stretched out hands of generous care
To lift the foe he fought so well.

For there was nothing base or small
Or craven in his soul's broad plan;
Forgiving all things personal,
He hated only wrong to man.

The old traditions of his State,
The memories of her great and good,
Took from his life a fresher date,
And in himself embodied stood.

How felt the greed of gold and place,
The venal crew that schemed and planned,
The fine scorn of that haughty face,
The spurning of that bribeless hand!

If than Rome's tribunes statelier
He wore his senatorial robe,
His lofty port was all for her,
The one dear spot on all the globe.

If to the master's plea he gave
The vast contempt his manhood felt,
He saw a brother in the slave,—
With man as equal man he dealt.

Proud was he? If his presence kept
Its grandeur wheresoe'er he trod,
As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped
The hero and the demigod,

None failed, at least, to reach his ear,
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain;
The homesick soldier knew his cheer,
And blessed him from his ward of pain.

Safely his dearest friends may own
The slight defect he never hid,
The surface-blemish in the stone
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought
His conscience to the public mart;
But lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart.

What if he felt the natural pride
Of power in noble use, too true
With thin humilities to hide
The work he did, the lore he knew?

Was he not just? Was any wronged
By that assured self-estimate?
He took but what to him belonged,
Unenvious of another's state.

Well might he heed the words he spake,
And scan with care the written page
Through which he still shall warm and wake
The hearts of men from age to age.

Ah! who shall blame him now because
He solaced thus his hours of pain!
Should not the o'erworn thresher pause,
And hold to light his golden grain?

No sense of humor dropped its oil
On the hard ways his purpose went;
Small play of fancy lightened toil;
He spake alone the thing he meant.

He loved his books, the Art that hints
A beauty veiled behind its own,
The graver's line, the pencil's tints,
The chisel's shape evoked from stone.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,
The social courtesies that bless
And sweeten life, and loved his friends
With most unworldly tenderness.

But still his tired eyes rarely learned
The glad relief by Nature brought;
Her mountain ranges never turned
His current of persistent thought.

The sea rolled chorus to his speech
Three-banked like Latium's tall trireme,
With laboring oars; the grove and beach
Were Forum and the Academe.

The sensuous joy from all things fair
His strenuous bent of soul repressed,
And left from youth to silvered hair
Few hours for pleasure, none for rest.

For all his life was poor without,
O Nature, make the last amends!
Train all thy flowers his grave about,
And make thy singing-birds his friends!

Revive again, thou summer rain,
The broken turf upon his bed!
Breathe, summer wind, thy tenderest strain
Of low, sweet music overhead!

With calm and beauty symbolize
The peace which follows long annoy,
And lend our earth-bent, mourning eyes
Some hint of his diviner joy.

For safe with right and truth he is,
As God lives he must live alway;
There is no end for souls like his,
No night for children of the day!

Nor cant nor poor solicitudes
Make weak his life's great argument;
Small leisure his for frames and moods
Who followed Duty where she went.

The broad, fair fields of God he saw
Beyond the bigot's narrow bound;
The truths he moulded into law
In Christ's beatitudes he found.

His state-craft was the Golden Rule,
His right of vote a sacred trust;
Clear, over threat and ridicule,
All heard his challenge: "Is it just?"

And when the hour supreme had come,
Not for himself a thought he gave;
In that last pang of martyrdom,
His care was for the half-freed slave.

Not vainly dusky hands upbore,
In prayer, the passing soul to heaven
Whose mercy to his suffering poor
Was service to the Master given.

Long shall the good State's annals tell,
Her children's children long be taught,
How, praised or blamed, he guarded well
The trust he neither shunned nor sought.

If for one moment turned thy face,
O Mother, from thy son, not long
He waited calmly in his place
The sure remorse which follows wrong.

Forgiven be the State he loved
The one brief lapse, the single blot;
Forgotten be the stain removed,
Her righted record shows it not!

The lifted sword above her shield
With jealous care shall guard his fame;
The pine-tree on her ancient field
To all the winds shall speak his name.

The marble image of her son
Her loving hands shall yearly crown,
And from her pictured Pantheon
His grand, majestic face look down.

O State so passing rich before,
Who now shall doubt thy highest claim?
The world that counts thy jewels o'er
Shall longest pause at SUMNER's name!

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